NUMB. CLI.

The SPECTATOR.

Maximas Virtutes facere omnes neceſſe eſt Voluptate dominante. Tull. De Fin.

Thurſday, Auguſt 23. 1711.

I know no one Character that gives Reaſon a greater Shock, at the ſame Time that it preſents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town. This Deſcription of a Man of Faſhion, ſpoken by ſome with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity and laudable Diſtinction, is in every Body's Mouth that ſpends any Time in Converſation. My Friend Will. Honeycomb has this Expreſſion very frequently; and I never could underſtand by the Story which follows, upon his Mention of ſuch a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleaſure was either a Dunkard too old for Wenching, or a young lewd Fellow with ſome Livelineſs, who would converſe with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the ſame time debauch your Siſter or lye with your Wife. According to his Deſcription, a Man of Wit when he could have Wenches for Crowns a piece which he liked quite as well, would be ſo extravagant as to bribe Servants, make falſe Friendſhips, fight Relations; I ſay according to him, plain and ſimple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleaſure; but he would leave an eaſy and acceſſible Wickedneſs, to come at the ſame thing with the Addition of certain Falſhood, and poſſible Murder. Will. thinks the Town grown very dull, that we do not hear ſo much as we uſed to do of thoſe Coxcombs, whom (without obſerving it) he deſcribes as the moſt infamous Rogues in Nature, with Relation to Friendſhip, Love, or Converſation.

When Pleaſure is made the chief Purſuit of Life, it will neceſſarily follow that ſuch Monſters as theſe will ariſe from a conſtant Application to ſuch Blandiſhments as naturally root out the Force of Reaſon and Reflexion, and ſubſtitute in their Place a general Impatience of Thought, and a conſtant Pruriency of inordinate Deſire.

Pleaſure, when it is a Man's chief Purpoſe, diſappoints it ſelf; and the conſtant Application to it fills the Faculty of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Senſe of our Inablity for that we wiſh, with a Diſreliſh of every thing elſe. Thus the intermediate Seaſons of the Man of Pleaſure, are more heavy than one would impoſe upon the vileſt Criminal. Take him when he is awaked too ſoon after a Debauch, or diſappointed in following a worthleſs Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living whoſe Being is ſuch a Weight or Vexation as his is. He is an utter Stranger to the pleaſing Reflexions in the Evening of a well-ſpent Day, or the Gladneſs of Heart or Quickneſs of Spirit in the Morning after profound Sleep or indolent Slumbers. He is not to be at Eaſe any longer than he can keep Reaſon and good Senſe without his Curtains; otherwiſe he will be haunted with the Reflexion, that he could not believe ſuch a one the Woman that upon Tryal he found her. What has he got by his Conqueſt, but to think meanly of her for whom a Day or two before he had the higheſt Honour? and of himſelf for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of all Men living he himſelf would leaſt willingly have injured?

Pleaſure ſeizes the whole Man who addicts himſelf to it, and will not give him Leiſure for any good Office in Life which contradicts the Gayety of the preſent Hour. You may indeed obſerve in People of Pleaſure a certain Complacency and Abſence of all Severity, which the Habit of a looſe unconcerned Life gives them; but tell the Man of Pleaſure your ſecret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows, and you will find he has given up the Delicacy of his Paſſions to the Cravings of his Appetites. He little knows the perfect Joy he loſes for the diſappointing Gratifications which he purſues. He looks at Pleaſure as ſhe approaches, and comes to you with the Recommendation of warm Wiſhes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not obſerve how ſhe leaves his Preſence with Diſorder, Impotence, downcaſt Shame, and conſcious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age ſhameful.

Will. Honeycomb gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of ſeveral Hags whoſe Bloom was given

given up to his Arms; and would raiſe a Value to himſelf for having had, as the Phraſe is, very good Women. WILL's good Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and ſupport him, I warrant, by the Memory of paſt Interviews with Perſons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occaſion wherein Vice makes ſo phantaſtical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleaſure. To tell a toothleſs old Lady that ſhe once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired thing of the Town, are Satyrs inſtead of Applauſes; but on the other Side, conſider the old Age of thoſe who have paſſed their Days in Labour, Induſtry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is ſo little durable.

But to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleaſure. In all Orders of Men where-ever this is the chief Character, the Perſon who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and intails Poverty on his unhappy Deſcendants. Mortgages, Diſeaſes, and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleaſure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make ſuch lamentable Speeches after every Seſſions at *Tyburn*, were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleaſure before they fell into the Adventures which brought them thither.

Irreſolution and Procraſtination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleaſure: Diſhonour to the Gentleman and Bankrupcy to the Trader, are the Portion of either whoſe chief Purpoſe of Life is Delight. The chief Cauſe that this Purſuit has been in all Ages received with ſo much Quarter from the ſoberer Part of Mankind, has been that ſome Men of great Talents have ſacrificed themſelves to it: The ſhining Qualities of ſuch People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madneſs. For let any Man who knows what it is to have paſſed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humourous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one Inſtant ſharp to ſome Man he is ſorry to have offended, impertinent to ſome one it was Cruelty to treat with ſuch Freedom, ungracefully noiſy at ſuch a Time, unſkilfully open at ſuch a Time, unmercifully calumnious at ſuch a Time; and from the whole Courſe of his applauded Satisfactions, unable in the End to recollect any Circumſtance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with thoſe who are beſt made for becoming Pleaſures; but how monſtrous is it in the Generality of Mankind who pretend this Way, without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to an Extravagance; this is as if Fools ſhould mimick Madmen. Pleaſure of this Kind is the intemperate Meals and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whoſe Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as faſt as they can to that little Particle of Reaſon they have when they are ſober: Theſe Men of Wit and Pleaſure diſpatch their Senſes as faſt as poſſible, by drinking till they cannot taſte, ſmoaking till they cannot ſee, and roaring till they cannot hear.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Deſire of ſome Perſons of Quality, By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, to Morrow, being Bartholomew-day, will be preſented the celebrated Comedy call'd, Bartholomew-Fair. Written by the famous Ben Johnſon. The Part of Bartholomew Cokes to be perform'd by Mr. Bullock, Waſp by Mr. Johnſon, Little-wit by Mr. Norris, Quarlous by Mr. Mills, Win-wife by Mr. Bringston, Knockworth by Mr. Bullock Jun. Rabby-Buſy by Mr. Pack, Nightingale by Mr. Burkhead, Win-little-wit by Mrs. Saunders, Puercraft by Mrs. Powell, Grace by Miſs Willis, Urſula by Mr. Cross.

This Play is ſold by Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's-Head, over-gainſt Katherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

At the Indian Man in Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, is a Parcel of rich Jewels, viz. a Brilliant Diamond String, Croſs, Ear-Rings, Rings, Buckles, Pendants, and other fine rich Silks, Muſlins, and other valuable Goods, to be diſpoſed of reaſonable Rates, the whole amounting to 675 l. which, for encouragement of Buyers, will be divided into 360 Shares, the biggeſt whereof is 100 l. Value, and the leaſt 10 s. Any one of them may be purchaſed for the little Sum or Half a [illegible] known more at large at the Place of Sale, [illegible] given till all the Goods be ſold. It not being [illegible] little longer, but the exact Time for dividing the Shares will be inſerted in this Paper next Tueſday.

For SALE the by CANDLE.

This preſent Thurſday, the 23d Inſtant, at Lloyd's Coffee-houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at 5 in the Afternoon, (only 1 Cask in a Lot) viz. 47 Pieces of excellent new red Wine, deep, bright, freſh, and of a curious Flavour, of the Growths of Vineyards near Peter Waradin a City in Hungary; and 2 Pieces of excellent new white Wines of the ſame Growths, near, the entire Cargo of the Ship Henrietta, Anthony Adamſon Maſter, lately imported from Hamburgh, now in a Vault in John Devere's Yard (over-againſt the Backſide of the Navy Office) in Seething-lane in Tower-ſtreet. The ſaid Wines are to be ſeen and taſted all Day till the Time of Sale. To be ſold by Tho. Tomkins Broker in Seething-lane aforeſaid, Tower-ſtreet.

For SALE by the CANDLE.

On Thurſday the 6th of September next, at Garraway's Coffee-houſe in Exchange-Ally in Cornhill, at 10 before Noon, (only one Cask and Basket in a Lot) the intire Cargoe of a neutral Ship the Emanuel, Biorn Bengſon Maſter, imported from Dieppe, (purſuant to an Act of Parliament made laſt Seſſions) conſiſting of excellent new French Wines, near, viz 42 Puncheons or Hogſheads of Burgundy, 4 Baskets containing each 100 Bottles Champaign, and 66 Hogſheads of true Hermitage, juſt landed, and now in a Vault near the Houſe of Mr. Tho. Cary, Merchant, in Coltolph-lane near Billingſgate: The ſaid Wines are to be ſeen and taſted on Tueſday the 4th and Wedneſday the 5th of September aforeſaid. Note, The Buyers are deſired to appear punctually at the Hour appointed, determining to compleat the Sale without adjourning. To be ſold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker.

Meſſieurs Brooke and Hellier Merchants in Basing-lane near Bread-ſtreet, hereby give Notice, That having begun ſucceſsfully to retail the only new red and white (natural) Oporto and Viana Wines, near, in the Poſſeſſion of Merchants (the beſt Wines that Portugal has produc'd for ſeveral Years paſt). They are determin'd to continue the ſame daily at the Prices following, viz. new red and white Oporto and white Viana Wines neat at 19 l. per Hhd. and 18 d. per Quart; new red Viana Wines neat at 11 l. per Hhd. and 15 d. per Quart; in the ſeveral Places herein inſerted, viz. in a Vault under a front Houſe in Salisbury-Court in Fleet-ſtreet, in a Vault under Mr. Rymes a Furrier at the Unicorn over againſt the Maypole in the Strand: And that this preſent Thurſday the 23d Inſtant, they will alſo retail their ſaid (natural) new Oporto and Viana Wines near, in a Vault in Freeman's-Yard near the Royal-Exchange in Cornhill; in a Vault under the Crown-Tavern in Bread-ſtreet near Cheapſide, at the aforeſaid Prizes: But in the Moſt Tavern in new Pallace-yard Weſtminſter, they will ſell their natural new Oporto and white Viana at 20 d. per Quart, and the red Viana Wines at 16 d. per Quart; and for without Doors at the above ſaid Prices. Note, The further Notice ſhall be given of other Vaults, &c. that will be taken for the better Accommodation of the whole Town.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in: as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.